

Bobby Bare, Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe

It's two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The onions are frying the neon is bright and the jukebox is startin' to play
And the sign on the wall says In God We Trust all others have to pay
And it's two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The short order cook with the momma tattoo he's a turnin' them hamburgers slow
Eggs over easy whole wheat down, y'all want that coffee to go
He never once dreamed as a rodeo star that he'd wind up here today
At two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
There's a tall skinny girl in the booth in the back wearin' jeans and a second hand fur
She's been to the doctor then called up a man
And now wonders just which way could turn
She stares at her coffee then looks toward the ceiling
But Lord it's a strange place to pray
At two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
There's a guy in a tux and he stands in the corner feedin' the jukebox his dimes
He just had a woman and thought that he'd bought
But found he'd just rented some time
And he couldn't sleep so he came back to see if anyone else wants to play
At two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
Now there's an old dollar bill in the frame on the wall
The first one that Rose ever made
It was once worth a dollar a long time ago but like Rose it's beginnin' to fade
She's back of the register dreamin' of someone and how things would be if he'd stay
But it's two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The stoop shouldered man and his frizzy haired woman
It's strange how their eyes never meet
He's playin' the pinball she's fixin' the blanket of the baby asleep on the seat
He's out of work she's puttin' on weight and they never did have too much to say
It's two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The waitress Darlene she sits at the counter paintin' her fingernails blue
And the short order cook he yells move it or lose it and pick up an order of stew
But someday a rich handsome man'll walk in and carry her far far away
From two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The shaggy haired hippie he's finished his meal
And he's countin' the change in his jeans
Burger and coffee are 85 cents and he's only got 23
He smiles at Rose and she winks back at him but Lord that's a high price to pay
At two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The baby faced sailor he leans on the phone and dials the number again
While the guy in the tux tells the girl in the jeans bout wonderful places he's been
And a wino comes in off the street and starts shoutin'
Bout fortunes that he threw away
And Rosalie's asking the shaggy haired hippie if he's got a warm place to stay
And the short order cook takes a five from the till while Rosie's looking away
And the onions keep frying the neon is bright and the jukebox continues to play
And it's two in the morning on Saturday night at Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe